THE OLD BACK STAIR Of all the sports of childho I know of some so rare As sisting down the becase

These green into manhood ace, And diten wander home: The old folks always welcome me Thay're glad to have me come; But walls they're not looking I'm tempted, I declare, To ailde down the banksters

e E. Edwards, in Kansas City Jour A STRANGE VOICE.

Why Two Railroad Men Broke Open a Trunk.

Between the stories of Conducto Tom Pope and Sandy McTougal backed by Sandy McTougal's friends, one gets a pretty good idea of Sandy's remarkable adventure with a voice, or, as Sandy terms it, with the devil in a

Tom Pope is conductor and Me-Tougal is baggagemaster on the Air which runs from the Atlantic ocean to "the middle of next week." "Most astonishing thing, that hunt

of Sandy's for a voice," said the conductor the other night. Then Tom narrates, and very prettily, too, how he and Sandy were trans-

erred to night runs in August last, and how lonely the baggageman became because he was cut off from fellows to listen to his stories and offer him 'You allers smoked 'em, Tom," interrupted Sandy. "I don't smoke, ye

"I did get a good many puffs that way, I'll admit," said the conductor. "They were about the only thing Sandy ever gave that I could get any light out

"Are you telling this story?" asks McTong th. "If so, tell it." "Sandy was lonely and miserable," continued his friend. "Nobody talked

to him or gave him a quarter for not mushing their baggage, so he took to brown studies and naps between stations. The night of his voice busi-

"Devil, T'tell you," cries Sandy abruptly.
"Was a growded one," continues gently as if 'twas glass.

Pope, without noticing the interrup-tion. "His see was jam full of luggage. "And the more trunks Sandy has on board the crosser he gets. There was sting on a switch-off track. d at the junction I picked up a lot of by passengers who were leaving other places of amusement, and re was no end of trunks.

"McTougal got things into shape bout eleven o'clock, I reckon, and as there's a part of the run where it's a hour between stations, he got ready for a snooze.

"He picked out the softest truck in the pile on which to pillow his head, tilted back his chair with his feet on the rounds, pulled his hat over his face and went to sleep. How's that, Mac?"
"Quite keerect," responds the bag-

"Very well; then you tell it for awhile. I wasn't there, you know." "It didn't seem 'sif I'd been asleen ee'n a minute," begins Sandy, "when there was a lively jump of the car an' I sort of some to life with a jerk. At the noise like some one a-talking.

"Bet I thought 'twas a brakem deide, an' was jes' a-dozin' off again when right at my ear, in a thin, sharp voice, su'thin' said: 'Oh, Lord!'

erts, throwing back his head, defiant "an' when that tin whisper comes nto my car I jest half opened my eyes, entity to see some of the boys around. But not a livin' thing was visible. "So I said to myself: 'I spored; that's what's the matter,' an' off I goes a-

modelin' an' decamin'. "Then agin I hears that voice. It says, quite distinctly: I want to get

"Now I wan't a bit mistaken this time. I heard it: but 'fore I could get my wits together there was a yell soundin' way off.

" "That's my death-call." says I to myself, instantly calling to mind fellows who had beard like sounds an' were dead in less'n a week. Then I says to myself: 'Sandy, don't be a fool!' an' jumps to my feet as wide awake as I

"It was a woman's squawk, and I future. I'll smash could have sworn to it. Then it sung style." Boston Globe. out in tin-trumpet atyles

"I hauled over the tool-chest an' the water barrel, and the employed in the corner, sa' looked out on the platforms, an' did everythin' a man could do under the circumstances to find out what was a-makin' of that free.

"I went to the side door to cool my self, an' was a fannin' my face when, blame me, if I didn't hear a cornet start off with the Rogue's March,' and a graff voice folier it with:

"In the midst of life we are in "I yanked my head round, an' didn't see nothin' that wasn't there before. That threw me off my pina.

"Then a rooster growed, an' a feller, with a cold in his nose, counted ten forward and then backward, an' andered me to 'Wake up! the devil wants

"You needn't laugh, gentlemen, when I tell you I run; an' so'd you if you'd been thar. I was certain the devil had come for me-late but sure-an' I didn't wait for him to ask for my

Tom Pope at this point broke into a

stentorian laugh.
"If, gentlemen, you'd seen Sandy come firing into the car where I was sitting, you would never stop laughing. You may not believe it, but his brown face was as white as your shirt fronts, and his eyes were as big as billiard balls. He dashed down the aisle and

whispered in my ear:
"'Tom! Tom! come with me!"
"'What's the matter, Mac?' I said.

'What ails you?'
"'Tom, the devil's in my car. He's
been a-cutting up for half an hour, an'
I'm most crazy. If you're my friend

"He wasn't drunk, because he doesn't drink. It wasn't religious enthusiasm. because Sandy has no religion. "I almost believe he meant what he said, and that he had been called for.

I got up in a hurry and followed him.
"I hadn't more than got inside the baggage car when, from among the trunks, something sung out: 'Shut that door and pull down your vest!"

tinued Tom. "He danced around that car like a prize-fighter in the ring. " 'Pshaw!' I said, 'that's a boxed-up

"Sandy wanted to fight, then," con

"An' then the parrot told you you lied," asserted McTougal.

"Yes!" says Tom, cheerfully.
"And then you said—do you remem-

ber what you said?"
"No, Mae; but wasn't I at your side when we got into the next coach a second later?

"We came back with two brakemen." McTougal remarked, continuing. "One of them brakemen looked on top of the car, an' under it, an' in it. He stuck to it that there was a ventriloquist about, but gave that idea up when he couldn't

"We flung those trunks right and left in a lively style," observed Pope; "but not a thing did we discover—no human living or dead thing—not a place from which the noise came.

"We were puzzled, you may believe, and if the search had stopped there the road might have warehoused that coach, for no railroad man would have traveled in a car that was haunted.

"But the end came. While we were locking into each others' faces, and frightened in being blocked in that sort of way the voice spoke again. It said very distinctly: 'Let me out! I am dy-ing-dying!'"

"It was under my arm the voice was," Sandy exclaimed, "in a big trunk that had come from camp-meeting. I sung out for Jake to run for a doctor if there was one on the train an' Tom an' me put that trunk on the floor as

"'Twas light enough. We thought the poor thing must be almost a skel-eton. I got hold of the sledge hammer. 'Keep up your courage, ma'am,' I shouted, 'an' we'll have you out in a jiffy."

"You should see Sandy at that mo ment,"said Pope, enthusiastically. "He looked like a hero, every inch of him. He gave that hammer four sweeping swings. Crash! crash! Rip! tear! Off came the top, and it was flung clean across the car. A pile of light, fleecy tuff followed.

"A dozen faces looked anxiously in so that trunk, expecting to see the body of a dying or dead woman. Sandy seemed beside himself with anxiety. "We crowded around the trunk and

the doctor knelt down beside it. "He pulled out a lot of rags very carefully, run his arms down on a prospecting tour, lifted up a great wad of cotton, took a good long look under it, rose to his feet and began to curse everybody, and call 'em a pack of fools. Then he changed his tune and began to laugh.

"I asked him a little angrily what he was making such a fuss about, and if he proposed to take out the body.

" Body! body! ha, ha, ha, ha! See bere, gentlemen,' and he tossed out the cotton from the trunk, showing a funny-looking machine at the bottom. This is Stringfellow's phonograph that he's had down to camp meeting, the doctor said. 'He took one and rigged it up so as to go by clockwork. The shaking of the car set it in mo-

"'It's been repeating, parrot like, only what has been told to it by the saints and sinners. Very simple, you see. I won't charge you anything for my visit, conductor. Good night,' and off he went.

"Sandy, our friends here want to know how that dream of yours over that trunk ended."

"Oh! they do, do they? Wal, gentlemen, I had to pay the cost of that trunk, an' trunks cost. It took a month's salary to do it, which isn't complimentary to the road.

"I learned one lesson. If I ever want ter open any man's loggage in future, I'll smash it professional

HOMEMADE PANTALOONS.

a Girl of the Revolution Manufactured a Pair for Her Brother. Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, in the year '75, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live. that fifteen soldiers were wanted, says Mrs. Eunice Locke Richards in the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette.

called out and my brother, that was next older than I, was the one that was selected. He did not return till late at night when we were all in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next lay after to-morrow at sunrise. My father was in Boston in the Massachu-setts assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with sum-mer clothes he must suffer for winter garments. There were at this time no tores and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I instantly asked what garment was needed. She replied: "Pantaloons." "Oh, if that is

all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes." "But," said mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back and the sheep are in the pasture." I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take the salt dish and call them to the yard. Mother replied: "Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half." "I have some small shears at the loom," said I. "But you can't spin and weave it in so short a time." "I am certain we can, mother." "How can you weave There is a long web of linen in the

By this, time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring the wheel and eards while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears haif enough for a web. We then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my little sister and Luther ran for a black sheep and held her while I cut wool off for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece. The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded, spun, washed, sized and dried. A loom was found a few doors off, the web "got in" and was wove, the cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure, that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

MOURNED FOR HIS GIRL Incident Which Shows That Artists Den't

Not long ago one of our wealthy young painters gave a supper in his studio to a number of friends in the profession, says a New York correspondent of the Globe-Democrat. Among his guests was a youthful sculptor who, throughout the feast preserved a melancholy aspect that was quite incon-gruous in the general hilarity of the occasion. The artists rallied the sorrowful young man on his gloom, but neither wit nor sarcasm could tempt a smile into his face. He was a teetotaller and refused to cheer up his droop-ing spirits with wine. But he ate heartily and at intervals sighed like a furnace. The deviled lobster was especially to his liking, and after consnaning two dishes of it he extended his plate for more.

Suddenly he gave a suppressed shrick, dropped the plate heavily in the center of some exquisite Sevres dishes, smashing them into fragments, and, running swiftly to the lounge, threw himself down on his face and began to groan dolefully. The consternation of the company may be imagined. The host was in grief over the disaster to his costly china, but he was still more concerned by the illness of his guest. Rushing to where the apparently dying sculptor lay, he attempted to force some brandy down the sufferer's throat. One of the painters seized a pitcher of iced water and poured it over the groaner, another tied some cracked ice in a napkin and tied it around the patient's head, while a third dashed madly downstairs for a physician. After being doused with cold water, however, the sculptor stopped groaning and protested vigorously against such treatment. "I am not ill," he muttered, mournfully; "I am only homesick for my sweetheart, who sailed for Europe yesterday and who won't be back for three

In any other assemblage such a state ment would have been greeted with indignant derision. But the young sculptor's confession was regarded as a bit of entirely natural sentiment, and even the host forgot the damage to his Sevres service in the universal expression of

EARLY CHRISTIAN RECORDS. resting Documents Found in a Tomb

in Upper Egypt. Great interest has been created in

literary and ecclesiastical circles in Europe by the recovery from a tomb in upper Egypt of some old codices which Prof. Harnack was the first to recognize as fragments of some of the earliest Christian records, supposed to have been irretrievably lost. They are three in number. One of them bears the title: "The Revelation of Peter." It is a prophetic book, resembling the Apocalypse of St. John and was quoted as a sacred "Scripture" by the great Christian teacher, Clement, of Alexandria, in the second century after Christ. It is supposed to have been written by the Apostle Peter. Another is: "The Gospel of Peter," a narrative of the life of Christ, similar to those of the four Gospels, and containing some curious variations in the account of the crucifixion and resurrection. It was in use in the second century, especially in the Syrian communities, and was at first admitted by the ecclesiastical authorities, but afterward stigmatized as agnostic. It, too, is supposed to have been written by St. Peter. The third codex contains nsiderable fragments of the book of Enoch, a prophetic book which was of high authority among the early Christians, but the origin of which is uncer-The ascription of it to the Old Testament patriarch "who walked with God" is, of course, a mere literary fletion. A translation of the fragment of the "Gospel of St. Peter" has appeared already at Cambridge university. Prof. Harnack's full report will be published

at the end of the year. A MOUSE IN HER HAT. But the Was Not Frightened So Much

A recent fian Francisco dispatch says: Oneday this week a lady went to a Fourth street store to make some purchases. She engaged a young clark conversation concerning various articles. While talking to her the clark chanced to look at her hat. It oved slightly. Then he looked again.

and again the feminine headgear wa erceived to be in motion. The young man turned pale and his tongue did cleave to the roof of his mouth. Like one suffering with nightmare, wanted to scream, but could not. All the time the lady's hat kept moving in a peculiar way. The young man kept his gaze on the hat-for some reason unknown to himself he could not do pale young clerk's shoulder and he ran into the street yelling like a Comanche, "Ugh! what was that!" screamed the

of your hat," answered the pale young clerk between his chattering teeth. And so it was. The lady had taken up her hat carelessly, put it on and worn it to the store. On the way, she said, she felt something moving in her hat, but thought it was the breeze moving in her hair. She was greatly surprised at the developments, but not so frightened as the pale young clerk.

THE CONSCRIPTION PLAN. A Law That Loses More to a N

Than Is Galoed by It. When the gain of what is termed whole nation under arms is estimated the enggeration of the pompour phrases hides the nakedness of the facthat large numbers of young men are lost to their country by the means to which they resort to escape military service. In Italy and Germany, says the Fortnightly Review, these may be counted by legions; in France men are less numerous, because men are more wedded to the native soil, and take to service more gayly and more naturally, but in Italy and Germany thousands flock to immigrant ships, thus choosing life-long self-expatriation, and every year, as the military and fiscal burdens grow heavier, will lads go away by preference to lands where, however hard be the work, the dreaded voice of the drill sergeant cannot reach them, and they can "call their souls their

Patriotism is a fine quality, no doubt but it does not accord with the chill and supercilious apathy which charac-terizes the general temper and teaching of this age, and a young man may be pardoned if he deem that his country s less a mother worthy of love than a cruel and unworthy stepmother, when she demands three of the fairest years of his life to be spent in a barrack yard and wrings his ears till the blood drops from them or beats him about the head with the butt of a musket because he does not hold his chin high enough or shift his feet quickly enough.

A Villalpous Business One of the most presperous industries in Paris is the sale and disposal of horseflesh for food. There are in the city of flesh for food. There are in the city of Paris 180 shops for the sale of horse-flesh, and in the course of this year more than 21,000 horses, 61 mules and 275 donkeys have been killed and eaten by the Parisians. The most singular point about this traffic is that the price of the flesh is equal to that of good beef, 20 cents a pound. It is only fair, how-ever to add that two-thirds of this ever, to add that two-thirds of this meat has been converted into sausages, so that it is more than possible that the their toothsome dish. It is now easy to understand how it is that good horses are so scarce in the Paris flacres; at 20 cents a pound a fat horse would be worth more when he was dead than

In the American navy there are now but eleven of the old-fashioned wooden vessels in active service. They are the Ranger, Alert, Marion, Lancaster, Mohican, Yantic, Thetis, Kearsarge, Alliance, Adams and Essex. These will rapidly go out of commission as new steel vessels are accepted. The Pensa-cola is to be sold, being already out of commission. Her sale will be followed by this government's disposing of the Omaha, Iroquois and other old timers.

Changing Around. "Caroline, last year you gave me a box of cigars for a Christmas present." "Yes. George."

"This year suppose you let me give you a box of cigars. "Very well; and I'll get you a sealskin sack."-Puck

He-Your voice has such a beautiful She-Maybe; but my finger hasn't.

A Study in Phonetics "Want to buy a tricycle?"
"No; want to try a bloycle."—Jury



Are guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache, La Grippe, Colds, Liver Complaint and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists. Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free. J. F. SMITH&CO., POWNEW YORK.



NOW IS YOUR CHANCE

# otherwise. Presently he saw one side of the hat raise up; then a pair of sharp, bright eyes peered out. The next instant out from under the hat immed a more of the hat pure of the hat immed a more of the hat immediately im

\$30.00.

Also a box of CELERY TEA, all for twenty-five cents.

To still more spread the wonderful popularity of CELERY TEA which is the greatest nervine known, we publish our second REBUS. For its correct solution

WE WILL CIVE

# \$200.00 IN CASH.

Divided into 107 Cash Prizes, as follows:

First Capital Prize, - \$25.00 | Third Capital Prize, - \$10.00 | Second Capital Prize, - 15.00 | Fourth Capital Prize, - 5.00

Also Seventy Prizes of \$1.00 each COUNTING FROM FIRST ANSWER.

To the PERSON SENDING us the MIDDLE CORRECT ANSWER WILL BE AWARDED THE

**GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$30.00** 

To the Person sending the Last Correct Answer, will be awarded the Last Capital Prise, - \$10.00 | Second from Last Prise, - \$5.00

Also Thirty Prizes of \$1.00 Each. COUNTING FROM THE LAST ANSWER.



Each solution of the Rebus must be accompanied by the end piece of a CELERY TEA box, which has our firm name printed on. You can send any number of answer, provided each answer is accompanied by above end piece.

CELERY TEA is sold by all druggists for 25 cent per box, or five boxes \$1.00. If unable to obtain it in your section, send us the price (stamps accompted) with your answer and we will send it by return mail.

W. H. HILL & CO., Mnfg. Chemists, Det oit, Mich. REFERENCES—Farrand, Williams & Clark, Williams, Davis, Brooks & Co., T. H. Hinch-& Sons, Detroit. Foller & Fritter Co., Morrison, Plummer & Co., Lord, Owen & Co., Chi-Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

We would like all answers sent in as soon as possible, but contest will be open till February 28,1883. All persons sending in correct answers will receive a printed list of the prize where after the distribution, which will take place March in.

CELERY TEA is pature's specific for nervousness, sick headache, chronic constipation, billiousness, kidney and liver complaint. It will also produce a clear complexion for all who use it. Give it a trial. Every box warranted to give satisfaction.

REMEMBER, you get value received in the lea, and there are 107 prizes in all, 32 prizes counting from the last answer. Tay it. Proclaim it to all your fr ends.

#### CELERY TEA

Is all the go. Tou can depend upon it to regulate the Kidneys and Liver. Let there be no mistake. CELLERY TEA is a health giving nervine. Every do e will souther your nerves and give you strength. If you are constipated, have headsche or dyspensia, take CELERY TEA. As an inducement for all to give it a trial we publish the above ReBUS.

Read What People Say who Answered Our Last Rebus.

W. H. Hill & Co., Gentlemen - Many thanks for your promptness in sending me your first capital prize of thirty dollars (\$500 in your telery Tea distribute of Sent. Sith. We think Co ery Tea is a grand remedy and will recommend it to our friends.

We think Co ery Tea is a grand remedy and will recommend it to our friends.

I kema a Yours. Sira Jas. Orr.

Detroit, Mich. Oct. Lth. 1812.

W. H. Hill & Co., Detroit, Mich., Dear Sirs-It is with much pleasure that I acknowledge your check for twenty dollars (\$10), received by me this merning as second capital prize for answer to rebus, I shall be only too glad to tell my friends of your prompt sess in initialities your prompts as advertised.

Very Rest ectivity. Mrs. C. E. Lurges, 96 Henry etc. Grand Rapids, Mich. Oct. 11th 1861.

Gentlemen—I have your favor of the 10th inst containing check for ten dollar \$210.
Please accept my thanks for same and at the same time allow me to assure you that I will do all in my power to recommend and advertise Colery Fea as it is a good nervice.

Very Respectfully,

Alter Hendrickson.
St. Louis. Oct. 13th, 1862.

Blanche Beach, 60 Grant St., Bay City, Mich. Received fourth prize \$6. 1

W. H. Hill & Co., Dear Sirs. I would acknowledge to behalf of Grandma Tucker the last capital prize of twenty dollars (50), for which she is dury grateful. The Celery Tes has preven entirely satisfactory and we will be giad, to recommend it to all acquaintances.

Very Respectfully.

Grandma Tucker, Per. A. L. H.

No Park Ave., Chicago, Iti. Oct. 18th, 1872.

Gentiemen—I am in receipt of yours of the 10th inst. enclosing check for ten Sollars (\$100, being the second from the last of your Celery Tox price. Flease accept my thanks for your promptness and fairness in the matter. The Celery Tea I have found to be an excellent article, and shall take much pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

\*\*Tours fruly.\*\* Howard () Peek.

\*\*City Comptrollers Office, 1-etroit, Mich. Oct. 10th, 1892.

Mrs. Ches. M. Edelmadn, We Lapeer St., Saginaw, Mich., received third from leg-

Gentiemen-Received your report of prizes. Also your check for three dollars Sh. This is the first prize that I ever drew in this way. Consequently was very much pleased with your check. Though not more pleased with check than I was with theory Ten. I am constantly troubled with headache and never found any permanent relief until I tried your clover Ten, which I found to be a most pleasant requesty as well as a blessing to any one culfering from the headache.

Accept my thanks and know that I think enough of my friends' comforts to recommend it to them at every opportunity.

Most bruly lones.

C. J. Lummers, Grass Lake, Mich. Oct. 17th, 1992.

### RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA CURED

If suffering, send this slip with name of this paper with a two-cent stamp to W. H. HILL & CO., Detroit, Mich. We will send you a sample bottle of Ar-thro-phon-ia, or Hill's Rheumatic Specific (free.)

## Sufferers of Both Sexes

There is a way provided by which you can obtain redief and a permanent cure. Make one more trial. Give ear to this warning. Do not delay, but immediately try the wonderful shill and remedies of

THE FAMOUS SPECIALIST.

### RUPTURES Destroy Comfort

RUPTURES ARE DAMBEROUS

Ruptures Cured!! \$5.

M. Not sold at drag st rea.



The Famous Nerve Specialist.

No. 16 North Division St. BOOMS L. Satt

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. ing or Prickling Sensations, Tremalous Feelings, Back or Head Ache, Back or Neck Pains, sometimes running down the arms of back, Disziness and other symptoms leading to paralysis. Nervous Debility and Female Complaints and Chronic Diseases, Consultation free and confidential.

No charge for services until cured. Directions in all languages.

FHEUMATISM ALWAYS CURED CATARRH AND HEAD NOISES CURE

FITS AND ALL NERVE AND BRAIL

DISEASES CURED EYE AND EAR DISEASES CURED.

THE ONLY ONE WHO CURES DEAFNES

excesses of manhood, all diseases of the urinary orgains, partial paralysis, varioocelle ruptures, tumors, acrofula, old seres, dropsy, skin diseases, liver and kidney complaints, heart disease, shortness of breath, back of head, small of back, etc., including all female complaints and chronic diseases cured quickly and permanently.

That cough, elight fever and weakness, shortness of breath, paintation of heart, my means sure and quick configuration.

ness, shortness of breath, palpitation of heart. My means sure and quick consumption.

If you are nervous, restless, irritable, alcepless or wake after horried creams, tred mornings, with a duil headache, bad taste in the mouth, sometimes discharges, and so about your employment without his, energy or ambition, dears to be alone, gloomy forebodings, a disposition to worry and frei about trouble ahead that never comes, spells of feeling afraid or uncertain, sometimes low spirits, you are suffering from nervous debility and exhaustion of nerve power, which may end in utter prostration, insanity and death.

If you have a great sense of weakness and weariness, with tired limbt, numbness, trembling, prickly sensations, cold feet one legs, you are advancing to that most sensors desease—faralysis.

If your head aches, feel numb and ired, with strange sensations, loss of memory, and you think with difficulty or you are sleepless at night, with drowsiness and duliness during the day, the nerve and brain fatigue may soon run into insanity or death.

It you have any of these feelings do not neglect them, or they will end not neglect them, or they will end not neglect them, or they will end not neglect them or they will end not neglect them or they will end not neglect them. As you value your life do not neglect them are not neglect them or they will end not neglect them. The prostration or death.

paralysis, insanity, prostration or death.

As you value your life do not neglical these warmings. Time and experience has show and hundreds of startling and marvelous curse have proved, that these diseases are perfectly and completely cursed by DR. S. CLAY TODD, it N. Division street, rooms 1, 3 and 4, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Under the use of DR. S. CLAY TODD'S romarkable remedies all those symptoms yield as if by magis, and strengths of herves, vigor of brain, vitality of blood and health of body are soon restored.

His remedies are purely repetable and harmies, and can only in obtained at his office.

Da. TODD'S office is at 16 N. Division street, rooms 1, 5 and 6, Grand Rapids.

His medicines agree with the stormach, and you can eat anything you choose.

Heis in his office from 9 in the morning until 7 in the evening every day but

ill 7 in the evening every day but call everybody. A friendly talk will

# Baking

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.